

marriage to a movie. on the way back up
the highway i stopped for a few drinks.
i closed the place.

sunday i spent enjoying my younger kids
until my wife and i got into a fight.
she went to bed and i went out to a local bar
where i ran into two young guys from the
next-door apartment. "how's it goin'?" i
asked, and the friendlier kid replied,
"hey, did your old lady let you out of
the house without her?"

i bought a round
and ignored the question.

LIFE IS A TRADE-OFF

a friend of mine, a fine student of literature
who is now well on his way to becoming a rock star,
had just been jilted by a girlfriend
of four year's duration.
whatever the rest of us may think,
rock stars get just as depressed
when dumped as we do.
so it seemed to be doing him good
getting drunk with a bunch of us old friends
after the poetry reading.
about one o'clock though, he said,

"the sonofabitch she left me for
used to call me the day of a concert
for front-row tickets and i used to go
to a helluva lot of trouble to get
them for him. and what's worse is
my ex-girlfriend has the gall to tell
me the asshole feels the worst of any
of us about his stealing her from me.
yeah, sure, i bet he feels just awful
when he's humping away on top of her."

i comforted him with,

"he probably doesn't even enjoy it.
he probably can't stop thinking,

there go my front-row seats!"

IN ANSWER TO MORE THAN ONE INQUIRY

no, my wife doesn't read my poems.